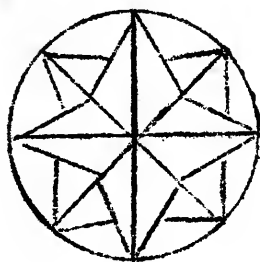


NORTHERN
JUNKET



20¢

Vol. 1

No 2

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TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

Thanks for the kind words and letters of encouragement. We'll do our best to live up to them. Frankly, the response to the first issue of the Northern Junket far exceeded our fondest expectations. Your letters contained many helpful ideas, and you will find some of them being put into effect with this second issue. Especially do we wish to thank the many friends who sent in a year's subscription. Your confidence in the Junket is an humbling experience. The Junket will get better with each succeeding issue. There are some fine articles lined up for the coming summer, and three or four relatively unknown folk songs, including a mighty interesting variant of Lord Randall.

You people who missed out on the New England Folk Festival lost an opportunity to see some of the finest dancing in the country. The NEFF has outgrown its present location. We know that the committee tried to find a suitable hall in greater Boston for this springs festival, but were faced with scandalous rentals. There are many other cities in New England that would welcome the festival with open arms. Moving to one of them would seem advisable. The committee would welcome any suggestions you have on the matter. Meanwhile good dancing and keep 'em swinging.

Sincerely

Ralph Page


 KITCHEN JUNKET

(continued from April
issue)

It was always a pleasure to play on Uncle's fiddle. Having a very dark varnish it was known as a black violin. The name applied only to its color for it was made by Conant of Brattleboro, Vermont, in 1864. The bow was an ounce or so heavier too, than the general run of such, making it very easy to get a good full tone from all the strings.

"What yer goin't'play, Al?" queried Jim as the sets were lining up.

"Like to play St. Anne's Reel." I answered, "Do you know it?"

"Nope. Never heard of it. How's it go?"

"Key of D, like this," and going over close to him I ran over the tune a couple of times while he listened and watched the fingering.

"Now let me try it with yer once, Al. Seems t' be easy enough." He had it the first time: "Good enough to stub round home on." he grinned.

Meanwhile, there was a lot of confusion going on around us. Everybody it seemed, wanted to be in Uncle Wallace's set.

"Thunderation," he exploded, in a voice loud enough to be heard clear up to Stoddard Box, "ain't room enough in here for all of yer. Two sets is enough. Th'rest of yer go some place and set down."

"Hadn't ought t'have that many," volunteered Henry Wilson. "Too crowded in here now."

"Room enough for anyone who knows how t'dance" replied Walter Barrett, " 'f you could balance 'stead er hoppin' round like a grasshopper--"

"What are you hollerin' about," interrupted Uncle Wallace, "you're off over there by the winders where its cool. We got th' fireplace

a singein'our backsides.Who throwed that maple chunk on?"

"Thawin' out a mite,be ye Wallace? Sh'd think ye would,carryin' that paunch o' yourn round."

The three elderly men had been insulting each other since before any of us there could remember. Strangers hearing them for the first time expected them to come to blows. Such an idea never entered their heads. It was only you tine procedure with them.

"Will you old men stop treadin'round each other like a bunch of Shanghai roosters,so's we can get to dancin'," said Edna finally.

"That's right,"said Ernest,"let 'er go Al, 'fore we all suffocate in here."

"Sets in order," commanded Uncle Wallace, "here's how it goes.'Right hand to partners, balance and swing.Left hand balance and swing. Down the center and back.Cast off,and right and left four.' You all know it;ain't no need of my callin' the changes. Stay with th'music,and don't hurry."

Right from the start,the men cut loose with fancy balance steps.Cooper steps.Brazing steps.High Betty Martins.pigeon wings and Tiptoe Jims Plain and fancy clog steps,the active men did them all;a different balance each time. While waiting their turn,the inactive men kept up a soft undercurrent rhythm of heel and toe taps. The girls too,caught the feeling of the dance and did light toe-twinkling steps in a sort of counter-point to their more boistrous partners. Even the right and left figure was danced with 'fancy Dan' capers.

Dancing in Uncle's set were Larry,Walter, Louis,Harry and Everett,all renowned 'balancers' Our family was known as one of excellent dancers and here were the best. The other set wasn't to be sneezed at either,since Harold,Ernest,Clint, Sam,Henry and Sheldon could hold their own in any 'balancing'company.

The Conant fiddle seemed to play itself as I

gave the tune every variation I'd ever heard on Prince Edward Island the previous winter.

"Gor-rye, Wallace," panted Sam as the dance ended, "give most anything 'f I could cut a pigeon wing the way you do. Guess you're right about my knees not bein' hung on right."

"Warn't that a good tune," beamed Uncle Wallace wiping the perspiration from his face. "Say you brought it down from Canady with yer? Want to learn it sometime. Puts music into yer feet all right, don't it? Lan'sakes, I almost had to ask Florence to breathe for me 'fore I got to the end of the line. Ain't had so much exercise since we hayed the Brick-yard and mowed through a whiteassed hornet's nest."

Suddenly, everyone there realized that they were hungry, and while the girls were hurrying around getting the baskets of sandwiches from the buttery, some of us men brought in some saw-horses and planks and set up a long table in front of the fireplace in the sitting room. There were some near accidents with the planks, and everyone got in the way at some time or other. It was a happy sort of confusion and in a very few minutes we had found seats around the table and were gazing in mouth watering anticipation at the "lunch" set before us.

There were egg sandwiches, cheese sandwiches, bean sandwiches, and platters of thick-sliced cold roast pork, roast beef, home cured ham and corned beef, to be used as 'making' for sandwiches by anyone who wanted them. Sour pickles, dill pickles, sweet tomato pickle, and picklelilli. Yellow earthenware bowls heaped high with potato chips. Lince-meat pie and dried apple pie. It was almost a sacrilege to start eating any of it.

"Never saw you men so bashful in my life," said Helen, cousin Ernest's wife. "You usually act's though you hadn't et for a week. Aim to set here all night, droolin'?"

The spell was broken. Everyone reached at

once. As I stretched for the plate of egg sandwiches, Clint, sitting opposite, anticipated the move and caught my wrist. Ensued a few seconds of 'wrist twistin', resulting in Sheldon getting the prize instead of either of us.

"There, you see?" laughed my sister Marguerite "That's what you get for being a hog."

If there had been laughter and joking during the dancing it was nothing compared to what went on the next half hour. We kept reminding each other of previous junkets; how much someone else had eaten. About the time that the combination of hot pork and the heat of the room had nearly overcome Sheldon, so that we had had to put him to bed for a while; about Clint and I eating the contents of a two pound box of saltines the night Ethelyn made the welsh rarebit; about the night we'd hung May baskets at Frank Bridge's before going on to a party at Maurice's; of the night we'd had oyster stew at Harold's birthday party and some one had dropped a bright red crab into Harry's glass of water. Of shiverrees following the marriage of many now sitting around the table. It being generally conceded that the shiverree to end all shiverrees was the one honoring the wedding of Howard and Irene several years ago, during which we had fired box after box of shotgun shells until the barrels were too hot to touch let off twenty pounds of dynamite; and Frank Burgess had contrived a gigantic 'devils fiddle' that had been heard miles down the river. The whole conclave had so frightened Everett Scott's new housekeeper that she had left for her native Cape Cod at dawn the next morning.

Swiftly the food disappeared, washed down with strong coffee that mother and Marguerite made in an iron kettle over the blaze in the fireplace.

"Whew," groaned Florence, "And I didn't think I was hungry when I set down."

"That's what you always say," retorted her

husband Sheldon.

"Yup," agreed Clint, "and then you eat more 'n any four of us. Don't know where you put it all."

"Throw your plates and cups into the fireplace and then move that table out of here," Aunt Ma bel told us. "Might want to dance some more after a while."

This was done speedily, almost before you could have said 'Run around Jack Robinson's barn' a dozen times. By using paper plates and cups we saved the girls a lot of work and time from washing dishes.

Then, Uncle Wallace asked: "Laurie, won't you sing something for us?"

"About the only song I know is the one about Young Charlotte," mother replied, "but I'll sing it for you if you want I should."

Mother was always modest concerning her repertoire of old songs. Actually, she could sing for hours without repeating herself. Now, folding her hands in her lap and leaning back in the cane bottomed chair she sang in a soft, sweet voice the long, tragic story of Young Charlotte, or the Frozen Girl.

"Young Charlotte dwelt on the mountain side
In a bare and lonely spot,
No cabin there for miles around
But her father's humble cot.
On many a pleasant winter's eve
Young swains would gather there,
To laugh and pass the hours away
For she was wondrous fair.

Her parents dressed her up
As fine as any city belle,
For Charlotte was their only child
And each did love her well.
One New Year's eve at the window pane
She watched with anxious care
As jingling bells passed by her door
In the cold and frosty air."

Everyone in the room listened intently, as if hearing the song for the first time. Listened as

we heard about the ball in a village tavern miles away, to which she and her beau were driving in a sleigh. Listened as she too proudly refused the warm blanket her mother offered her.

"My silken coat is quite enough,
It's lined from head to toe;
And I will wear my silken scarf,
It's soft and warm you now."

But it was scant protection against the bitter cold of the Vermont mountains, and Charles complains of the freezing air:

"Such a bitter night I never saw,
The reins I scarce can hold,
Poor Charlotte, shivering, answered him,
I'm freezing with the cold."

As the song ended we realized once again that she was telling the truth, for upon reaching the tavern Charlotte did not stir:

"Then quickly to the lighted hall
Her voiceless form he bore,
His Charlotte was a stiffened corpse
And word spake nevermore."

"That really happened, you know," said mother, "over near Leathersfield, Vermont, a long time ago."

"She'd ought to've known better," noted Aunt Mabel. "Th'idea. Goin' off fifteen miles to a dance in a silk coat."

"Let's have another one Laura," urged Sam.

"Don't feel like singin' much tonight, Sam. Why don't we all sing something together; how about Old Pod Auger Days?"

We needed no teasing, and the windows rattled with our chorusing:

"I will sing to you of the good old days
When people were honest and true;
Before their brains were addled or crazed
By ev'rything strange and new."

(to be continued)



SQUARE DANCING FILIBUSTERED
by GENE GOING

Millions today who are in the know, can vouch for the fact that Folk Dancing attracts and inspires happiness, health, physical and mental relaxation, and most of all democratic relationship with one's fellow man. Every part of America has accepted, is participating in, and cheering on the greatest revival in history of our own traditional Country Dancing known as the Square Dance. Every part but the deep South-east.

One of the earliest sources of our American Square Dancing centered in the southern mountain ranges of Virginia, the Carolinas, and those states directly west. Even today you find there the Running Set and Circle-All dances which are so close to the English Country Dance of their own great-grandfather's day that it is startling, and certainly a source of some of our best collecting and research. The universities of these same states have recognized that this tradition of music and dance is something that they should foster and be proud of, and are busy developing same in their departments of physical education and music. They are hungry for help and instruction from other parts of America of the folk materials which they know are important to the men and women they send out to teach and preach health and relaxation.

In Virginia and both North and South Carolina this fact is obvious. However, just across their boundaries you will be amazed at the resentment and hatred of this great art, which they feel is a combination of the devil's handiwork, Yankee propaganda, and poor white trash's attempt to interfere with their untouchable aristocracy. As a collector, teacher, and evangelist of Folk Dancing; having presented square

dancing in every corner of the country and in every walk of life; and having found at every turn a reverent and hungry demand for this material, I have been stunned, shocked, angered and thwarted for the first time in years of this work at what I have found is the reception and attitude in southern Georgia and Florida.

There are of course, many who understand and want this material. There are those who are NOT still teaching in their schools and living in the belief that there is still a Civil War, and that the days of southern snobbery and slavery are ended. There are many people in the above mentioned locale who believe that a negro or a Jew are human beings; but I am sorry to say, those individuals are few and far between, and have little or no power politically or socially when it comes to their own town or community.

The inhabitants of the district of which I speak, spend half their lives planning ways to sell their wares, their lands, their products to the so-called Yankee, the Jew, the unbeliever. The other half of their lives they devote to teaching and exploiting their hate and disgust of the same people. Small wonder then, that they have no use for folk materials. People who are hypocrites; who are teaching discrimination; who are teeming with hates; believe in race distinctions and kill congressional bills for Civil Rights and support the KKK, have no place in their poisoned minds and souls for the beauty and good of folk songs and dances.

I will not attempt in this article to describe in detail all the unbelievable experiences that I have personally had in trying to present American Square Dancing to the peoples of this district. The truth would seem to those who never experienced this situation, as an unbelievable exaggeration, and an attempt on my part to stir up the same hatreds that now actually exist only in this section of the south.

I would like however, to point out one exper-

ience that I saw, rather than many that I have experienced, to exemplify a small part of that which is being done to kill the beauty of square dancing. Sometime early in the year, I was asked to attend a conclave of teachers who spend their time outside regular school hours in playground and recreational activities--completely gratis. This forum was of a weeks' duration, and was presided over by the director of physical education of a state university. A very long and detailed brochure had been issued on subjects to be taught, and it was pointed out that all material presented was for the use of Girl Scouts, 4-H Clubs, kindergarten playgrounds, and spastics. I noted that one of the subjects was to be Folk Dancing, and the gentleman who sent me the brochure--a fine lad from another university--asked in his note if I would be kind enough to attend one afternoon session; the one devoted to this subject, and generously stated that any teaching I would be kind enough to do would be considered a great favor. Although I had by this time, been badly battered by attempts to present my materials, I am never one to say die, and accepted the challenge and appeared at the appointed hour. The lad who had invited me introduced me to the lady from the state university, and called to her attention that they were, perhaps, honored by my presence. She was a born southern aristocrat, even to a long satin gown resplendent with a court train, flowers, and feathers in her hair, and the posture of a duchess. I did NOT bow to the floor nor kiss the hem of her train. That was my first mistake. My second error was my answer to her majesty's first question of where I was born. From that instant my fate was sealed. I was informed that Yankee methods were not acceptable in the south; that these students did not teach "niggers", and that she had once attended a convention of physical education teachers at which my best friend and dance partner was supposed to appear, and he had not done so; therefore, any ideas I might have of

teaching at HER forum was out of the question. She added graciously, that I was most welcome to sit by and watch her teaching the right materials for fine southern boys and girls.

Being quite calloused to southern courtesy by this time, and having retained a shred of my sense of humor, plus a mad curiosity to see what type of Square Dancing was right for the south, I withdrew to a corner and observed.

Knowing that the group of young and inexperienced men and women gathered there were teachers of grade school youths, I was prepared for some charming and simple Play-Party games and perhaps some traditional Running Sets. But to my utter amazement, this duchess suddenly launched into the most complicated movements and terms of Cowboy and Western Square Dancing. It was obvious that she had attended one of Dr. Lloyd Shaw's fine summer schools, and had become entranced with the speed, intricacies, and glamor of that fine man's materials. Between the obvious fact that the duchess had not absorbed so much of the Western Dance which might be a delight to advanced dance teams; had failed completely to comprehend what type of material her group needed; and was flagrantly exploiting a half-learned subject; her teaching was so fraught with mistakes, lack of knowledge of her subject, no conception of her subject as regards the giving of ways and means of teaching others; but she made of her calling a matter of which she was so proud--a typical southern accent and wording that would have mystified even the upper class plantation owners, and to any group of playground youngsters a farce. "Yo-all take yo'pretty gal in yo'arms and jounce her round a mite; then take her on a pretty little whirl around yo'ring, an'don'yo'dare to fight; swing yo'corner little one, an'then yo'honey chile; then forward go all six of you, and trip right back in eight. Go in agin, an'skip back six an'slip around yo'nexts an'keep right on yore

pretty little trek an'be good gals and lads."

I hear that Dr. Shaw will soon give one of his magnificent demonstrations at the duchess's university. It will be a shock to her students in more ways than one. I stood an hour of this and read such frustration and agony in the eyes and wornout bodies of that nice group of charity workers that I had to leave. No wonder there are chain gangs along those southern highways with guards with aimed shotguns. No wonder that several of the fine ministers I have met in the south can hold their jobs but a year when they preach democracy, ways of happiness, and modernism. No wonder that when a progressive and brilliant pastor of a large and wealthy church in a Florida city was discharged and fiery crosses burned in his yard when he committed two southern sins--suggesting a Sunday evening service to be presided over by a negro pastor who was a graduate of two northern universities, and announcing that on Wednesday evening of that week a square dance would be held in the Church's recreation room.

Yes, the United States Senate can be filibustered by southern aristocrats. Then how can the good and beauty of Folk Dancing and music hope to reach the peoples of the south. I wish I knew.

~~Notice:~~

Many of the folk dances of today were the popular social dances of yesterday. Although danced and sung on the village green instead of on the ball-room floor, they were, nevertheless, social in nature in a similar sense as the social dances of today, some of which may become the folk dances of the future. The ball-room as generally associated with our social dances, is of later origin than many folk dances. It was first used for some kind of ball games rather than dancing, which gave it the name. Dancing was done out-doors and in social groups, for recreation, and at celebrations.

WHAT TWO SCHOOLS ARE DOING

SALMON FALLS N.H.

Under the direction of Mrs Gene Schultz, a teacher in the Rollinsford Grade School of this town, nearly one hundred pupils of the 6th, 7th, and 8th grades, have been given square dance lessons each day of the week. They have a fifteen minute period each morning before school opens, during which they are taught schottisches waltzes and polkas. Each grade also is taught squares and contras during the week, and every Friday afternoon they all have a square dance together. Next year they hope to form a square dance club and plan to have a small festival of their own in the spring, patterned somewhat along the lines of the very successful ones held each year by the Norcoaggiés, reported in this magazine last month.

WARNER N.H.

For many years, this town in central New Hampshire, has been known as the home of excellent square dancers. If anyone has feared for the future of this form of recreation in this area it would be best to put the thought out of mind entirely. Students in the grade schools are being taught contras and squares by their teachers and interested towns people, and the kids are taking to it like ducks to water. In fact square dancing has become so popular that the boys forego baseball games rather than to miss out on a practice session of dancing. On Tuesday night, April 26th the school held a square dance in the town hall and demonstrated their ability for their parents and friends.

Let us know what your school is doing so that we may pass along the information to other group leaders in New England.

CONTRY DANCE

The Banks of the Dee

Use tune of the same name; or do as many of the old fiddlers did and substitute Bonnie Dundee, or Mrs. Munroe's Jig which tune is given.



Contry dance formation. 1st & 4th couples start
They cross over at beginning of the dance and:
Go down the outside, meet in center below the
3rd couple,

Up the center to place with partner,
Then they go down the center and back,
Cast off. Swing the lady below and gent above
(G. swings 3rd L.L. swings 2nd G.)

Swing lady above and gent below,
(G. swings 2nd L.L. swings 3rd G.)

Right and left four. (1st & 2nd couples, 4th
& 5th couples, etc.)

Continue until all have reached original place
or as long as desired.

In this particular dance, as in many other of
these triple minor sets, it is better to have
but six or nine couples in a set. Active coup-
ples cross over to original sides when reach-
ing the foot of the set.

SQUARE DANCE

Three Hand Star

Suggested music: Wi' a Hundred Pipers 'an' A, an' A.
Any introduction you wish, then:

Head couple swing inside the ring,
Head lady goes right, head gent. goes left,
And make two three hand stars with side couples
(1st lady & 2nd couple join right hands and
and circle once around; 1st gent & 4th couple
join left hands and circle once around)
The other hand back the way you are,
Meet in the center, go on to the next
And make a four hand, right hand, cross
Then allemande left your corners all
Grand right and left a half way round
Promenade her when you meet, you promenade
her home.

Other couples do same figures in turn.
Before starting the call, it helps to have every
one take a good look at their corners, for the
allemande left is done with your original cor-
ners. There are always a few lost souls who can
gaze at their corners until doomsday and not
recognize them when the time comes to allemande
left. But don't get discouraged. 'Twas ever thus.
Here's the music we like to use, mentioned above.

FOLK DANCE

Danish Schottische



Formation: For as many couples as will, in a circle facing line of direction, counterclockwise. Crossed hands position (skating position) right hands UNDER left.

M. 1. One schottische step diagonally forward to right beginning with right foot--right, left, right, hop on the right swinging left foot in front of right foot.

M. 2. One schottische step diagonally forward to left beginning with left foot--l-r-l, hop on left foot swinging right foot in front of left foot.

M. 3&4. Four hop steps forward starting with the right foot, r-l-r-l.

M. 5. Partners face each other. Keep left hands joined, right hand ON HIP. One schottische step to own right, r-l-r hop on right foot.

M. 6. Partners take one sideward schottische step to own left, l-r-l hop on left foot. During this step place left hands on own hip and join right hands with partner.

M. 7&8. Partners turn once around in place with four hop steps, finishing in original positions. When doing this step keep joined hands at shoulder level, elbows bent.

Repeat entire dance as many times as desired, or until your fiddler's arm drops off.

FOLK SONG

No modern folk song is better known than 'The Jam on Gerry's Rock.' This ballad, the darling song of river drivers all over the United States and Canada has been recorded in Scotland. One of the few folk songs to travel across the Atlantic from west to east. As far as folk songs is concerned it is of comparatively recent origin—probably less than one hundred years. It would seem then, possible to trace its origin. Yet such famous folk song hunters as Phillips Barry and Fannie Tackstorm tracked down innumerable clues, obtaining enough data for a dozen books, but were unable to arrive at any conclusion as to when, where, or by whom it originated. Which only adds to its charm. It has been located on every important lumbering river from the Miramichi to the Saginaw. There are two types. In type 1, only the head of Munroe is found. In type 2, a late revision, his body is recovered.

Nothing about the song has ever been definitely settled except that it did not occur at all the places where it has been located. An examination of the text shows that the song must have composed by a Canadian. The phrasing and the sentiment are Provincial; so is its ballad form; the prominence given to the generosity of the men; the vocabulary itself. Even the objection to breaking jams on Sunday is a Province man's objection.

The subject matter of the song is of such sound Penobscot river-driving technique that it is hard to think of its taking place elsewhere. The boss calls for volunteers to break the jam. This was river custom. They were not ordered into such danger; they bid for a chance to go. It was a middle jam—formed on a rock in midstream—because the boss takes out a log working crew of seven men; the usual boat's crew being six. It is a good song. I hope that you will like it.

THE JAM ON GERRY'S ROCK



Come all you bold young shanty boys
 Wherever you may be,
 Come sit upon the deacon seat
 And listen unto me,
 I'll sing you of a river man
 So noble, true and brave,
 'Twas on the jam at Gerry's rock
 He met a watry grave.

It was on Sunday morning
 As you will quickly hear,
 The logs were piled up mountain high
 We could not get them clear.
 Our foreman said, 'Turn out brave boys
 With hearts devoid of fear;
 We'll break the jam on Gerry's rock
 And then for Bangor steer.

Now some of them were willing
 While others they were not,
 For to work on jams on Sunday
 They did not think we ought;
 But six of our Canadian boys
 Did volunteer to go
 And break the jam on Gerry's rock
 With the foreman, Young Munroe.

They had not rolled off many logs
 When they heard his clear voice say:

'I'd have you boys be on your guard
 This jam will soon give way.'
 These words were scarcely spoken
 When the jam did break and go,
 And carried off those six brave boys
 And their foreman, Jack Munroe.

When the rest of our brave shanty boys
 The sad news came to hear,
 In search of their dead comrades
 To the river they did steer;
 Unto their sad misfortune
 Their sorrow, grief and woe,
 All bruised and mangled on the shore
 Lay the head of young Munroe.

They took it from its watery grave,
 Brushed back his raven hair;
 There was one fair form amongst the rest,
 Whose cries did rend the air;
 There was one form amongst the rest,
 A maid from Bangor town,
 Her moans and cries rose to the skies
 For her true love lay there drowned.

We buried him with sorrow deep,
 'Twas on the first of May;
 Come all of you bold shanty boys
 And for your comrade pray.
 Engraved upon a hemlock tree
 That by the grave did grow,
 Is the name and date and drowning fate
 Of our hero, young Munroe.

Fair Clara was a noble girl,
 The river-man's true friend;
 She lived with her widowed mother dear,
 Down by the river's bend;
 The wages of her own true love
 The boss to her did pay,
 And the shanty boys for her made up
 A generous purse next day.

Fair Clara did not long survive,
Her heart broke with her grief,
And scarcely two months afterward
Death came to her relief.
And when the time had passed away
And she was called to go,
Her last request was granted,
To be laid by young Munroe.

Come all of you bold shanty boys,
I would have you call and see
Those green mounds by the river side,
Where grows the hemlock tree.
The shanty boys cleared off the wood
By the lovers laid there low,
'Twas the handsome Clara Vernon
And her true love, Jack Munroe.

The song has always fascinated me. The tune is a come-all-ye variant of Lord Randall. Up to the point where Munroe's head is found, it is entirely plausible and explains itself. The presence of fair Clara is a bit hard to take; romantic but incredible. And the generosity of the men is a Province man's point of view, for Maine men would never have boasted of their generosity.

The last stanzas relating Clara's death, could not have been made when the song was first composed. They are quite different in tone; pure balladry and undoubtedly pure imagination. But the pretty fiction pleased the Province men and the verses are now an integral part of the song, in spite of their being modeled upon some old ballad in which the rose and brier motif unites the lovers in death. The hemlock tree by their graves is a pleasant new-world innovation in balladry. In singing the song, pronounce the word "Gerry" with a hard "g".

FOLK LORE



The coming of spring reminds us of the spring tonics of other days. More specifically, it reminds us of that cure-all of the past generation, sulphur and molasses. The molasses was a camouflage to kill the taste of the sulphur.

Flanked by a long list of patent medicines were such prescription as spruce beer, maple sap beer, sarsaparilla tonic, snakeroot tea, boneset, flagroot, camomile, coltsfoot, and a liberal intestinal ablution known as beef, iron and wine.

No one who, as a youngster, fled in horror at the approach of a tablespoonful of mouth puckering medicine will deny the potent qualities of disappearing spring tonics. What our grandparents couldn't accomplish with patent medicines, they had their own secret concoctions guaranteed to cure the most pernicious ailment. Especially those under the heading of "damned laziness."

Whenever we came down with a fever we always got a good dousing of sweet spirits of nitre. Our family doctor, living in the nearby town of Gilsum, had a cure-all of his own for the croup. We speak from first hand knowledge. We were set up in an arm chair, covered with a tent of thick quilts. A board placed across the arms of the chair and on it set a dishpan containing a few handfuls of the tips of hemlock branches. Over the hemlock was poured a kettleful of boiling water, the quilt brought up over our head so that the steam could not escape, and we were given firm instructions to "breathe deeply."

This was about as near to a kill or cure proceeding we have ever known. Inevitably some of

the scalding hot water was spilled during the struggle to survive the ordeal, and we were given a new and more painful discomfort to counteract that of the original disease. If you didn't die of suffocation there was a good chance that you might lick the croup.

A far simpler remedy, and probably just as effective, was to wear a black silk cord around your neck. The same cord so worn was also considered a sure way to ward off diphtheria. Also: Carry an onion in your pocket to prevent fits. The gall of rattlesnakes was considered a prime cure for biliousness.

Carry a horse-chestnut in your pocket if you would be free of rheumatism.

Carry camphor-gum and you will not catch small pox or other contagious diseases.

Carry a piece of brimstone to prevent scarlet fever.

It was believed that if a bald-headed man washed his head with sage tea, it would make a new growth of hair come out (Ed Durlacher and Ralph Page, take note).

If a sick person showed an inclination to stretch it was known that he would get well.

Put the first aching tooth you have pulled in a glass of whiskey. Then drink the whiskey, and you will never have to have another tooth pulled because it aches.

Trim your finger nails on Friday, and you will not have a toothache for a week.

Eat pudding and milk to make your hair curl. You can stop another person's bleeding by touching the cut, butise, or whatever it is, with your finger, and saying, 'I bequeath thee not to bleed, not to fester, not to canker, not to swell, but to heal. In the name of God, amen.' You need not say this aloud. The bleeding will stop at once. This also works on animals as well as people.

Wear a piece of woolen yarn around your neck to prevent nosebleed.

Sleep with a piece of steel under your pillow

and you will never have rheumatism.

Read gravestone epitaphs and you will lose your memory.

The everyday talk of our Yankee hill people is fuller of metaphors and phrases that suggest lively images than that of most other folk:

Mean enough to steal acorns from a blind hog.

Popular as a hen with one chicken.

Quicker'n greased light'nin',

Stingy enough to skim his milk at both ends.

Handy as a pocket in a shirt.

He's a whole team and a dog under the wagon.

When speaking of a particularly rocky field they sometimes say: 'Stone's got a pretty heavy mortgage on that land.'

I once heard a stage driver asked if the other side of a hill was as steep as the one we were climbing 'Steep? Chain light'nin' couldn't go down it 'thout puttin' runner chains on'.

A man too lavish with his energy is cautioned not to 'bust his biler', or, 'hold yer water.' If

a man shirks he is said to 'be lookin' for salt

pork and sundown.' Other current sayings are:

Fog's so thick you can't spit.

The last one in the back row when faces were handed out.

Homely'n a cart load of tack holes.

So tough you can't stick a fork in the gravy.

Faster'n a cat lappin' chain light'nin'.

Hotter'n love in a hammock.

Slower'n molasses in January.

Homely as a hedge fence.

Busy as a man on the town.

Happy as a dog with two tails.

Pestle around (busy doing nothing)

An old pelter (describing a shrewish womwn)

Don't know enough t'suck alum and drool.

It's a poor back that can't iron its own shirt.

Stands out like a blackberry in a pan of milk.

Independent as a hog on ice.

Knows just enough to pound sand in a rat hole.

Far inland in New England one is continually coming upon examples of nautical expressions. Before starting out on any kind of a venture we first 'see if the coast is clear,' and then as we proceed we speak of 'keeping our weather eye peeled,' and always 'looking out for squalls.' If we don't like the 'lay of the land' we 'give it a wide berth.' Recklessness or the taking of too many chances is to 'sail too close to the wind,' and something put by for a rainy day is 'an anchor to wind'ard,' while to be gay and foolish is 'to carry on.' To get the best of an opponent is 'to take the wind out of his sails.' To be ready is 'to be on deck.' If you are dressed in your best clothes you 'are all decked out.' Even the very common word 'landmark' is a sailor's term meaning a mark on the land by which to steer or lay a course. 'A1' or 'A No. 1' originated in the classification of wooden ships, it being the highest rating in Lloyd's register. 'First rate' was originally a naval term applied to the old wooden line of battle ships. The term 'bitter end' is a very technical nautical phrase being a sailor's name for that part of the cable which is abaft the windlass bitts; so when the cable is let out to the bitter end, that is as far as it is possible for it to go, and it is only in very deep water or when riding out a gale at anchor that this occurs. 'To know the ropes' is obviously a nautical term, and another common expression, 'all fagged out', is of naval origin, that being a sailor's term for a rope which is untwisted and frayed at the end. A 'take' in its original meaning was a turn in a rope or cable. Examples may be multiplied indefinitely. Our language undoubtedly owes much of its picturesqueness to the men of the merchant fleets who made New England known all over the world.

THE VARSOUVIENNE

It is a well known fact that folk dances have a way of traveling from one country to another, and often each country claims them for its own. It is often difficult to know the origin of a particular dance, for a dance takes on the character of the nation where it is danced. It would be hard to find a dance of more varied parentage than the Varsouvienne. Its origin has never been firmly established, and we have no intention to attempt it here. Just thought that you might like to know something about its varied career and obscure birth. Let's see what a few of the dance books say about it.

Mrs. Lilly Grove in her book "Dancing", under "The Dances of Poland" says, "the Redowa and the Varsoviane belong to Poland", and in "The Oxford Companion to Music" we find: "Varsouvienne. Originally a dance of Warsaw, a sort of mazurka which was popular in the ball-rooms about 1850-70." and Lloyd Shaw in his book "Cowboy Dances" writes "Perhaps the most graceful and most delightful of all the round dances is the Varsouvienne. It originated in Warsaw, Poland, and from that city, with a few accidents in orthography, it took its name. The dance spread all over Europe and took on different national characteristics. It moved on to our west, its name corrupted to Varsouviana, and is a regular feature of our old time dances."

Another story of its origin says that it is Italian. In Brookes "Modern Dancing" he says: "The Varsovienne was originated by an Italian, in 1850, who called it 'La Versuvianna' in honor of Mount Vesuvius". This seems far fetched to us.

In Desrat's "Dictionnaire de la Danse" we find this: "The Varsovienne (Varsovianna). A modern dance in the form of the waltz, composed about 1853-54 by a young Spanish professor, Francisco Alonzo who wrote both the dance and the music of the Varsovienne and produced it

at the ancient public ball in Chaussee d'Antin."

In Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians we find that it has a "probable French origin." He writes, "Varsovianna...probably of French origin, and seems to have been introduced by a dancing master named Desire in 1853. Somewhat later it was much danced at the Tuileries balls and it is said to have been a favorite with the Empress Eugenie."

Where does all this leave us? The various dates are close enough to show that somewhere in the 1850s a dance, known as the Varsouvienne became popular in European ballrooms, that a description of the dance, even if variously referred to as a "form of a waltz," "a sort of mazurka," "resembling the polka," was apparently of the same dance. A two part dance with the characteristics of the mazurka and the polka; and that no one has mentioned that it might just possibly have a peasant or folk origin. We are left to conclude that it had its origin in the ballroom and its graceful, simple figures being observed by the country people taken to their more simple gatherings and made their own. This has happened more than once.

The Varsouvienne spread like wildfire over the continent of Europe and on to the United States. Edward Ferrero says of it in his "Art of Dancing," "This dance combines the Mazurka, polka and polka redowa, is a very graceful dance and in considerable favor. It was introduced into America about five years ago (1854) and is particularly essential for children, who, while learning its graceful positions acquire many elegant movements of the body and feet, also a proper regard for musical time." Thus we see that it has been in this country nearly a century.

Good folk dancers find it a most delightful dance with the Spanish or Western version and the Swedish variant about equal in popularity.

MANUAL ARTS OF POLAND IN CURRIER GALLERY

An exhibition of the manual arts of Poland, including hand-woven tapestries, reversible rugs and decorative textiles; wood sculpture; paintings on glass and on wood; and ceramics, both utilitarian and religious, has been placed on view at the Currier Gallery of Art (Manchester, N.H.) to continue through May 22.

The Currier Gallery is one of the first museums in the country to have an opportunity to show this collection of the traditional arts of Poland.

Manual arts, or folk arts, has experienced a "renaissance" during the last few years in Poland. Weaving especially, has experienced a tremendous revival in the peasant weaving centers. The reversible rugs are carried out in one of the oldest techniques known to weaving, practised in the regions of Poland over 2000 years ago. Woven on broad horizontal looms, the designs are composed by the weavers as they work, rather than copied from a pattern. The wool is handspun washed in clear cold water, and colored with vegetable dyes.

The tapestries, woven of pure wool on a linen warp, show a different type of weaving, again based on an ancient technique. The subjects include fairy tales, fables, stories from Polish history, or legends. The ancient art of painting on glass, practised in Poland as early as the 16th century is illustrated by both old and modern examples. This old tradition is being revived, taught by two old mountaineers, who have long practised the art.

There are also examples of wood sculpture, chiefly religious images made for shrines and niches, carved with ordinary pocket knives, and usually polychromed in bright colors. The ceramic sculpture includes shrines, sacred images, birds and animals, also utilitarian objects such as pottery jugs, pitchers and jars.

FIFTH ANNUAL NEW ENGLAND FOLK FESTIVAL

The YWCA, Boston, Mass. were hosts to the New England Folk Festival, Saturday and Sunday, April 23&24. Four previous festivals have been held here in the fall. The change to a date in early spring was prompted by several factors, foremost of which was the belief that all the groups would be better prepared, and thus a better festival would result. The idea was correct, for it was by far the best festival yet given. Many groups do no dancing in the summer months, and a festival in October finds them in the process of setting up their winter programs. The late April date of this year gave them all an additional five months of dancing together, and as a consequence the caliber of dancing was of a very high order.

Saturday Afternoon

- Fiddle Tunes ----- Country Fiddlers
American Square Dances--Junior Hoe-Down Club
East Bridgewater, Mass. Marion Hogue, leader,
Jimmy McGowan, caller.
- Lithuanian Dances--Lithuanian Folk Dance Group
of Boston--Juniors, Mrs. Ona Ivaska, leader.
- American Square Dance--Strafford County, N.H.
4-H Club. Guy Mann, leader.
- American Contra Dance--Rollinsford Grade School
Salmon Falls, N.H. Mrs. Gene Schultz, leader.
Mr. J. Howard Schultz, caller.
- East Indian Folk Dance (Hindu)--Mme. Noble Paul-
ickpulle of Ceylon.
- American Folk Songs--University of Connecticut
Carollers. Robert W. Yingling, director.
Folk Singing and Dancing For All
- American Square Dances--Storrs Junketeers, Conn
Warren Schmidt, leader.
- Creole and Haitian Songs--Charity Bailey. R.I.
- Polish Dances--Krakowianki Club, Boston, Mass.
- American Square Dance--Putney Folk Dance Group
Vermont. Muriel Mattos, leader.
Square Dancing for All

The Saturday afternoon program was largely devoted to grammar and high school aged groups, who presented examples of their best liked dances. Every group did a good job in what was the best young peoples program yet offered by the New England Folk Festival. I liked especially the Lithuanian juniors, the Putney School group and the Salmon Falls youngsters, who did Fishers Hornpipe. Equally interesting was Mme. Paulick-Pulle, and the songs of Miss Charity Bailey. Also the calling of Jimmy McGowan. Older callers who were present found the air uncomfortably warm.

Saturday Evening

- Fiddle Tunes ----- Country Fiddlers
 Scottish Country Dances--Scottish Country Dance Group. Jeannie R. B. Carmichael, leader.
 Early Work and Worship Songs--Shaker Singers of Enfield, N. H. Clarice Carr, director.
 Lithuanian Dances--Lithuanian Folk Dance Group of Boston-Seniors. Mrs. Ona Ivaska, leader.
 American Square and Contra Dances--Durham Reelers, N. H. Dr. J. Howard Schultz, leader & caller.
 American Square and Contra Dances--Norfolk County (Mass.) Agricultural School Group. Elmore Ashman, leader, Mrs. Maude Ashman, caller.
 Folk Dancing and Singing for All
 Irish National Dances--Harvard Folk Dance Society. E. E. Nadel, leader.
 Phillipine Dances--Ming Martinez & Adina Riger. Mrs. Francisca R. Aquino, leader.
 Finnish Folk Songs--Finnish-American Club Chorus of Fitchburg, Mass. John Pera, director.
 Swedish Dances--Swedish Folk Dance Club of Boston. Axel W. Sponberg, leader.
 Israeli Dances--Israeli Dance Group, Zionist House, Boston. Judah M. Stone, leader.
 American Square Dances--Boston Y WCA Square Dance Group. Louise Winston, leader. David Bridgman, caller.

Square Dancing for All

This second session of the festival had too

many excellent groups to single out any one of them. All the dances were interesting and performed flawlessly. The capacity audience was especially delighted with the Lithuanian Senior Group Swedish Folk Dancers and the Scottish Country Dances. I liked too, the Finnish Folk Songs, and Israeli Dances. Also interesting were the Durham Reelers in an old time quadrille; and a waltz quadrille sequence by the YFCA group.

Sunday Afternoon

- Fiddle Tunes ----- Country Fiddlers
 Polish Dances--Worcester, Mass. Polish Falcons,
 Mrs. Sophia B. Baldyge, leader.
 American Dances--Old Timers Club, Rhode Island.
 John T. Kenyon, leader and caller.
 Southern Mountain Ballads--Eleanor S. Sears.
 Mexican Dances--Latin American Dance Group of
 East Boston. Elizabeth T. Pope, leader.
 Israeli Folk Songs--Tel Chai Senior Young Ju-
 deans. Sonya Rappaport, director.
 Folk Singing and Dancing for All
 English Country Dances--Goddard College (Vt.)
 Diane Ferin, leader.
 Negro Spirituals--Burleigh Chorus, Worcester,
 Mass. Mrs. James Brisbane, director.
 Armenian Dances--Armenian Folk Dance Group of
 Boston. Haigaz Meguerdichian and Mike Harou-
 tunian, leaders.
 American Square and Contra Dances--The Gang
 from Old Joe Clark's. Alan Smith, leader & caller
 Square Dancing for All

Another session of high grade groups. The Old Timers Club gave an excellent performance of the Loomis Lancers. The Armenians were colorful both in costumes and dances. The Gang from Old Joe Clark's did a terrifically fast square, and I do mean fast. Their second number was a waltz quadrille which charmed everyone in the audience with its easy grace and smooth flowing figures. I liked especially, Mrs. Sears singing of three folk songs. Some way should be found to have her on every program.

Sunday Evening

- Fiddle Tunes ----- Country Fiddlers.
American Square Dances--Belmont Country Dance Club. Charles V. Campbell, jr., leader, Ralph Page, caller.
Jewish and Palestinian Dances--Hillel Foundation, U. of N. H. dance Group. Mrs. Sonja B. Hamlin, leader.
Ballads--Dick Best.
Irish National Dances--Eire Society Dance Group, Mary C. O'Keefe, leader.
Ukrainian Songs and Dances--Kobzars--All Male Ukrainian Choir, Melvin Zelechivsky, director.
Folk Singing and Dancing for All
English Dances--Country Dance Society, Boston Centre. Louise B. Chapin, leader.
Bell Ringers--Choral Bells of Wesley; Mrs. Ralph H. Stahl, director.
Swedish Dances--Swedish Folk Dance Club of Boston, Axel W. Spongberg, leader.
American Square Dances--Satucket (Mass) Barn Dancers. Charles H. Baldwin, leader & caller.
Square Dancing for All.

The festival closed with an evening of superlative performances. Not a dull spot from start to finish. The Ukrainians were out of this world. The Swedes were equally as good. I have never seen the Oxdansen or Vingaker done as well as they were danced tonight. I liked too, the Bell Ringers, who "sang as they rang."

Festival Notes

Ten of the groups have been participants at all of the five festivals held to date. They are: Putney School, Lithuanian Folk Dance Group, Boston Krakowianki Club, Norco Aggies, Swedish Folk Dance Club of Boston, YWCA Square Dancers, Belmont Country Dance Group, Country Dance Society Boston Centre. Mrs. Sears, folk singer, has also been on every festival. We missed two choral groups: Choir of St. Mary's Church (Polish) and the Celestial Singers, negro choir of Boston.

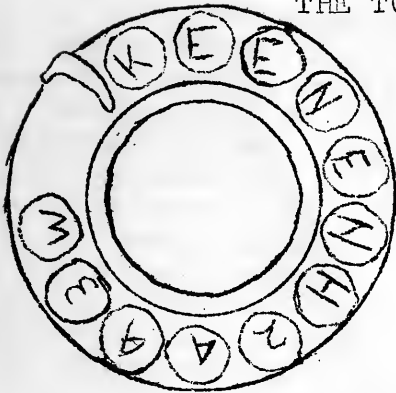
There was more audience participation than ever, and still there wasn't enough. Two hours is an awfully long time to sit on wooden bleacher seats. Leaders of audience participation were: Robert Yingling, Marian Roberts, Sally Dodge, and Dick Best, folk singing. E. Eddy Nadel, Joe Perkins, Priscilla Rabethge, Louise Chapin, Duncan Hay, J. Howard Schultz, Charles Campbell, Gene Gowing, Charles Baldwin and Ralph Page, dancing.

Fiddlers who played an important part in making the festival a success were: Llewellyn Powers, Will Ayer, Walter Lob, George and Bob Gulyassy, Emil Kessler, Duncan Hay and Ragner Lohlin. Other members of the "orchestra": Phil Jamoulis, Dick Best, Mrs. Best, Marian Roberts, Bob McQuillen, Len Weis, Al Smith, Cy Kano, John Ward, Mrs. Nichols. A special word of praise should be said for Mrs. Hodgson of Wellesley, who was the festival pianist. Without her the festival would have been hard pressed to carry on.

There was an excellent exhibit of related folk material (books, magazines, records, etc.) and an exhibition of woodcraft open to all who cared to see them. An interesting demonstration in the lobby of pottery, block prints and wood carving got the attention of many visitors.

The Ukrainians drew a laugh Sunday night when they explained that the day was their Easter, and that they had been celebrating since five o'clock that morning. "During the celebration we lost several of our members. Worst of all, we lost our leader."

Wonderful to hear the heart warming applause given the Swedish dancers. Many of the Swedish dances call for a talent for acting as well as dancing. The group was equally adept at either. The festival went off without a hitch. This means that the committee in charge has had years experience at this sort of thing. An idea for future festivals: booths and displays of nationality foods and costumes; folk music greeting all who attend; and a plea for MORE COMFORTABLE SEATS.



Married: Albertine Parker and James Burns. Sunday, April 17 in St Marys Church, Melrose, Mass. The reception was held in A.L. Bungalow, 34 Crystal St. Melrose. Mr & Mrs. Burns will live at 402 Newton Ave. Oaklyn, N.J. a suburb of Camden. Miss Dorothy Koch, Sargent College, has prepar-

ed a catalog listing nearly a thousand folk and square dance records which may be obtained by sending 50 cents to her address, 6 Everett St. Cambridge, Mass. Folk dance records may also be obtained from Michael Herman, Box 201, Flushing, Long Island. Write for his catalog, enclosing a quarter in payment. For square dance records write Charles C. Thomas, 121 Delaware St. Woodbury, New Jersey. Dance books may be obtained from the Kamin Dance Bookshop, 1365 Sixth Ave. New York City. A visit to this shop is recommended to all square dancers. You will be amazed at the amount of material to be found on their shelves.

Some excellent records for square and contras are made by the Starr and Apex companies of Canada. Most of them are without calls. Some of their records are much sought after by collectors of folk oddities, for several different tunes have been pressed containing nine, ten, and twelve measures of music instead of the usual eight.

Middlesex County 4-H Club Dance Festival will be held at Maynard (Mass) Athletic Field May 27.

Bob Treyz will be in charge.

Charlie Baldwin is editing an interesting little publication "The Country Dance Seranader". No charge for same, just write to him at Central St. Norwell, Mass. and say you'd like to get it.

Joe Perkins too, has a callers sheet "The Kuntry Kaller". No charge for this either. Write him at

his address R.F.D. Topsfield, Mass.

Charlie Baldwin of Norwell, Mass with a group of the Satucket Barn Dancers, attended the fifteenth National Folk Festival in St. Louis, Mo. April 8, 9, & 10. With Charlie calling, the group demonstrated New England quadrilles at the Saturday afternoon and evening sessions, attended by over five thousand people at each performance. Sarah Gertrude Knott, festival director, complimented the group saying: "They were one of the highlights of the festival. The square dancing exhibited by the group, some of the best in fifteen years of National Folk Festival dancing." At a Sunday breakfast conference, Charlie gave a short talk on what is going on in New England, and also took to task western groups who exhibited New England dances in an authentic manner, cautioning them to personify their own folk dances and we would do the same. A committee was appointed to discuss accomplishments and shortcomings of the National Folk Festival, and to consider broadening the festival program to include folk craft, art, and music. Mr Baldwin agreed to serve on this committee, being the sole New England representative.

The Annual Convention of the American Association of Physical Education and Recreation, was recently held in Boston, the week of April 18-23. There was plenty of square and folk dancing at the convention meetings. At a pre-convention party the afternoon of April 18th, a large number of the teachers had an opportunity to dance international dances led by Ralph Page, and American square dances led by Ed Durlacher, Ralph Piper, Gene Gowing and Ralph Page. It was claimed by many to be the finest pre-convention party the association has ever had. Special square dance parties were also held at the Hotel Statler on Wednesday night, and at the 101st Infantry armory Thursday night.

The Division of Music, Library of Congress, has issued a catalog of phonograph records it has

for sale. "Folk Music of the United States and Latin America", lists 107 disks containing 341 titles. The price of the catalog is 10 cents, and may be obtained by writing to The Recording Laboratory, Division of Music, Library of Congress Washington, 25, D.C. The booklet contains order blanks for records and their prices. The Town Crier especially recommends the record by Woody Guthrie, singing The Gypsy Davy. On the reverse side is Barbara Allen done in wonderful style by Rebecca Tarwater of Rockwood, Tenn.

A Callers Night and Square Dance Jamboree, was sponsored by the Litchfield County 4-H Service Club in the Torrington, Conn. Armory, April 20. The following callers took part: Al Brundage of Stepny, Conn. Corky Calkins, South Hadley, Mass. Eddie Gangloff, Thomaston, Conn. Bob Marsh, Saratoga (N.Y) Springs, Hank Post, Cromwell, Conn. Warren Schmidt, Storrs, Conn. and Pop Smith, Winsted, Conn. Music for the jamboree was furnished by Pop Smith and the Old Timers.

The Long Island Square Dance Callers Association held their second square dance festival on Sunday, April 24, in the Hempstead Armory. Afternoon and evening performances were held before a big audience. The following callers led the squares: Curt Cheney, Ed Durlacher, Don Durlacher, Two Gun Fonty, Harold Goodfellow, Michael Herman, Paul Hunt, Al MacLeod, Marty Nickel and Howard Nordahl. The round dances between squares were led by Mary Ann Herman and Fred Franz. Music was furnished by Harold Goodfellow's Pore Ol' Tired Texans, and Paul Hunt's Rock Candy Mountaineers. Guest callers were Floyd Woodhull, Elmira, N.Y. and Ralph Piper of the University of Minnesota. Maine's First Folk Dance Camp will be held May 19-27 at Sunset Inn, Center Lovell, on the shores of Lake Kezar. Jane Farwell, Michael and Mary Ann Herman, and Ralph Page will serve as leaders. For information write Hope Moody, South Paris, Maine. Second season of New York University-Connecticut College School of the Dance in New London, Conn.

July 11-August 21. Introductory, intermediate and advanced sections. Undergraduate and graduate credit granted. Directors of the school are Ruth Bloomer and Martha Hill.

New York State Historical Association will hold its second seminar on American Culture at its museums, Fenimore House and The Farmers Museum, Cooperstown, N.Y. July 5-15. The purpose of this seminar is to provide persons who are interested in the subjects offered an opportunity for combining class instruction under distinguished leaders, with informal conversation and recreation with others who share their enthusiasm. For information write to Louis C. Jones, Director, N.Y. State Historical Association, Cooperstown, N.Y.

The Parent Teachers Student Association Quad - rille Club of Gloversville, N.Y. recently gave nightly demonstrations of square dancing at the Amsterdam, N.Y. Sportsman's Show, April 16-23 inclusive. They were accompanied by Coach and Mrs. L.A. Miller, with the former doing the calling. These young people were a few of the several hundred who took part in the PTSA programs the past winter. No attempt was made to select the best dancers, but a different group demonstrated each night of the show.

The twenty third annual spring festival of the Country Dance Society will take place on May 7 at Barnard College. Besides special display dances and songs, there will be general dancing of American and English folk dances.

The Monadnock Region of New Hampshire, lost a couple of enthusiastic square dancers recently, when Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Shea moved to Washington, D.C. where Mr Shea has taken a position.

The fourth annual New Hampshire Folk Festival is planned for May 20 and 21, in the recreation hall of the Belknap Recreation area, Gilford, N.H. Essex County Country Dance Festival will be held at the Topsfield, Mass. Fair Grounds, Newburyport Turnpike, Friday June 10th. Joe Perkins, director. and sponsored by Essex County 4-H Service Club.



NORTHERN JUNKET'S CALANDAR OF CALLERS

Charlie Baldwin -----	Norwell, Mass.
Prentice Barker -----	Rutland, Vt.
Joe Blundon -----	Cambridge, Mass
Al Brundage -----	Stepny, Conn
Corky Calkins -----	South Hadley, Mass
Gil Daniels -----	Cambridge, Mass.
Ed Durlacher -----	Freeport, L. I.
Westley Elvidge -----	Grafton, Mass.
Harold Fowler -----	New Haven, Conn.
Al Gauthier -----	Jaffrey, N. H.
Gene Gowing -----	Peterboro, N. H.
Lawrence Loy -----	Amherst, Mass.
Ralph Page -----	Keene, N. H.
Joe Perkins -----	Topsfield, Mass.
J. Howard Schultz -----	Durham, N. H.
Orville Smith -----	Winsted, Conn.
Bob Treyz -----	West Acton, Mass.
Floyd Woodhull -----	Elmira, N. Y.

All of thses men are excellent callers and will give you a fine evening of square dancing. When in their neighborhood give them a phone call to find out where they are calling
